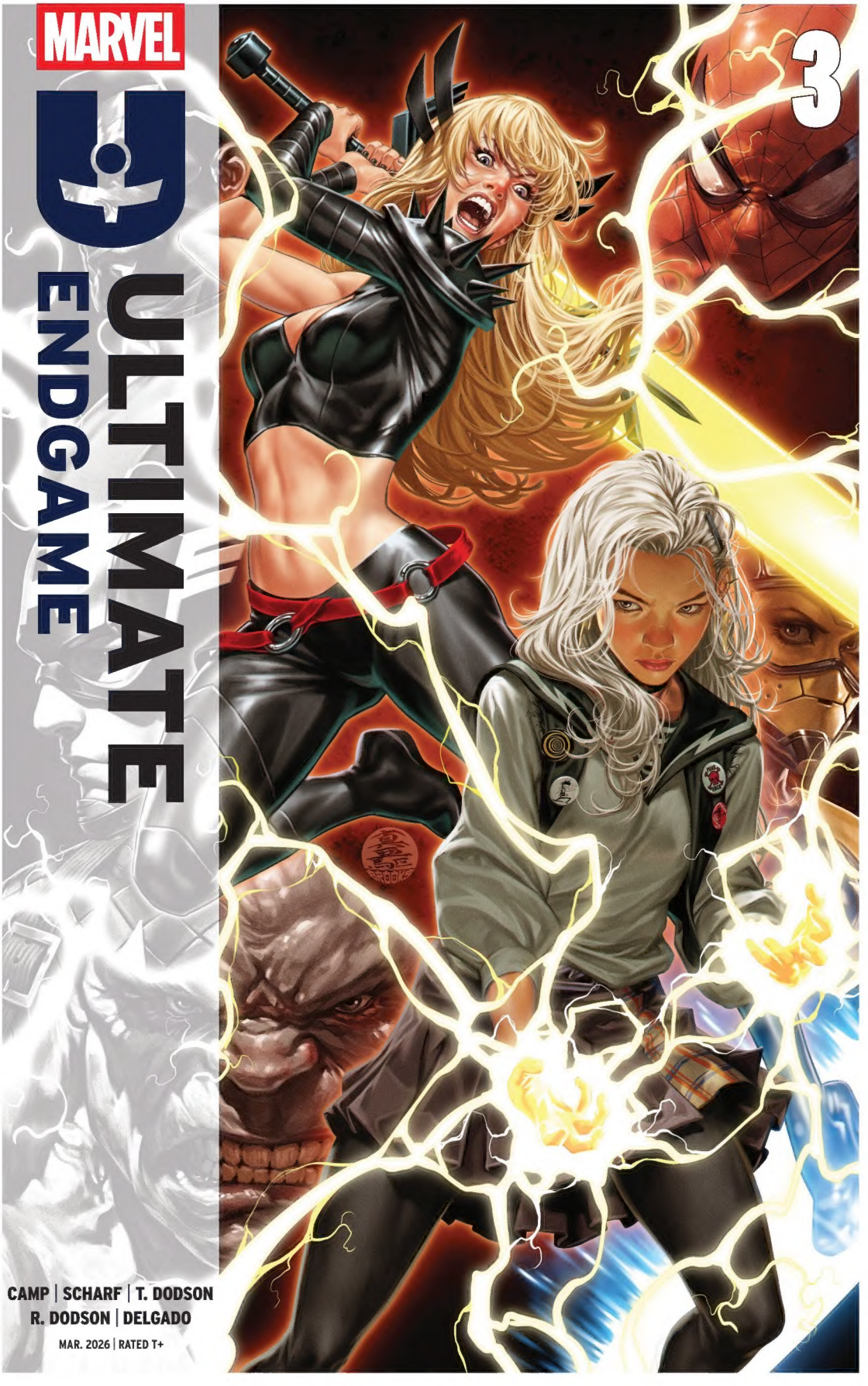
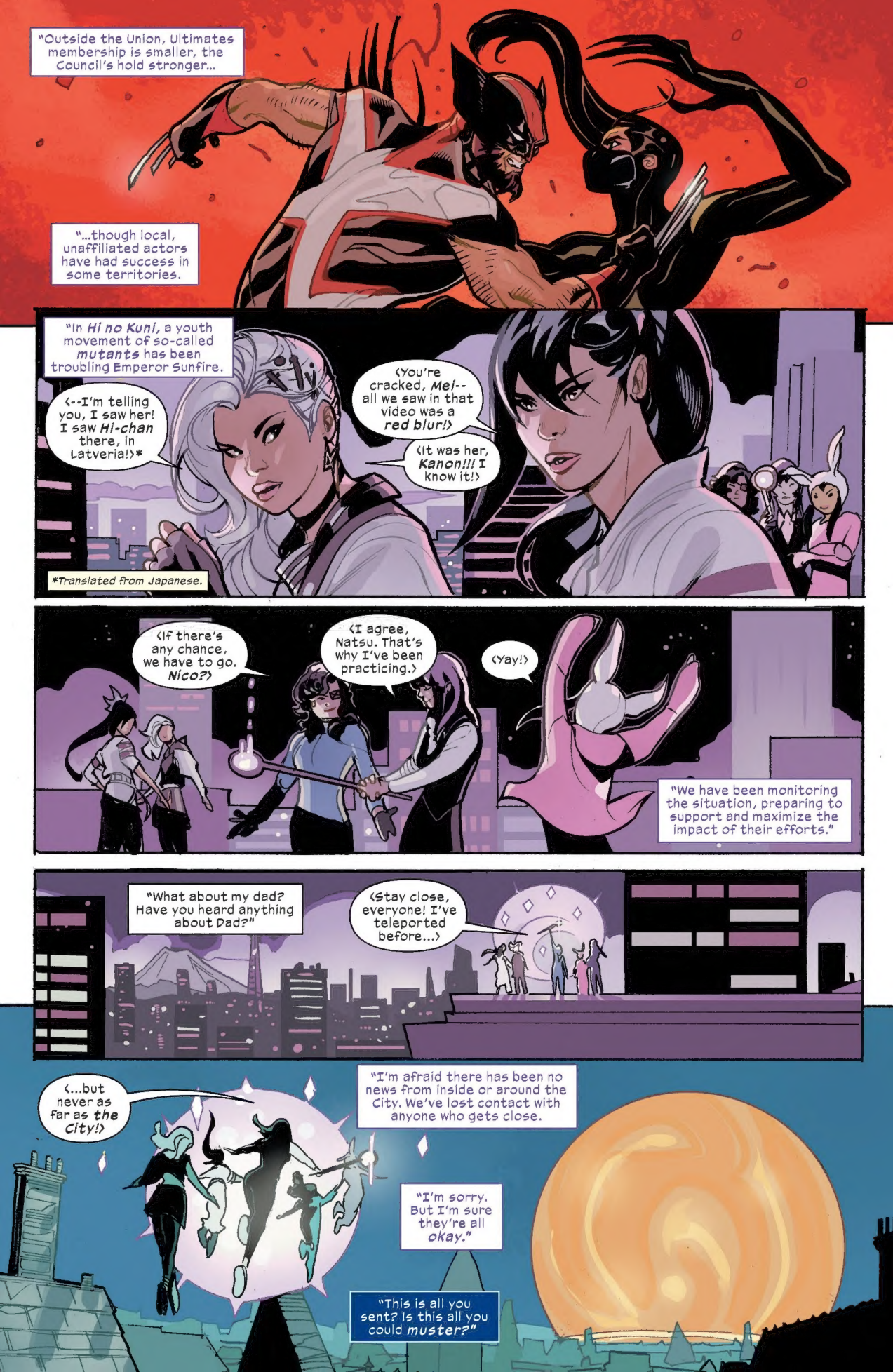

MARVEL
ULTIMATE
ENDGAME
3
CAMP | SCHARF | T. DODSON
R. DODSON | DELGADO
MAR. 2026 | RATED T+

To Mary Jane...
Tony?! Tony, get your head together or we're all going to die!
We're all going to die *anyway*.
SHOOM
I hate it when I'm right!
Rar! Grrauh! Girul!
...I'm sorry.
"I'm *sorry*, Mom."

Sorry might have worked the first time you snuck out, Richard. Not the fifth!
I almost made it this time, but there was a pack of velociraptors...
You could have died out there! You aren't in the city anymore!
I should be in the City! I should be with Dad!
You're just a child. You're my child. I want you where it's safe.
So we're just supposed to stay here and hide? All that [redacted] about responsibility, community, integrity...that's all it was, [redacted]?
Language!
There are other ways to fight, you know. I've spent the last three months verifying and summarizing the thousands of pages of UltNet documents for the public.
That matters too. Why don't you help us?
Our stories are reaching millions of people, son.
You'll have a bigger impact here than anywhere out there.
How are you guys even still online? Why hasn't the Council taken the Paper down?
To be honest, we've wondered that ourselves. With their technology and tactics, they should have come for us before the first article went live.
It's like we've had a guardian angel watching over us.

That is one way to look at it.
?!
What the [redacted] is that?!
Language!
I am the Vision, of the Ultimates. I have long admired your journalism and have been shielding you from H.A.N.D. censors.
I have quite a lot of *influence* on the internet.
So whaddya want--a *thank you?*
No. I want to *update* you. The *Paper* reaches many who have not yet joined our network. An informed public is vital to our project.
I don't care *what* you've done for us. The *Paper* is not some propaganda outlet. We don't print anything we don't corroborate ourselves.
"Of course, Mr. Parker.
"Following Da Costa and the Society's defeat and withdrawal from the North American Union, our focus has been on the coasts. *Fantastic Force* units have been systematically dismantling the *Children of the Light* in the West...
"...while Ultimates *Shen Qi* and *Danny Rand* have been fomenting a nonviolent peasant uprising in Heaven, dividing *the Incredible Hulk's* forces and attention.


"Outside the Union, Ultimates membership is smaller, the Council's hold stronger...
"...though local, unaffiliated actors have had success in some territories.
"In *Hi no Kuni*, a youth movement of so-called *mutants* has been troubling Emperor Sunfire.
‹--I'm telling you, I saw her! I saw *Hi-chan* there, in Latveria!›*
‹You're cracked, *Mei*-- all we saw in that video was a *red blur*!›
‹It was her, *Kanon*!!! I know it!›
*Translated from Japanese.
‹If there's any chance, we have to go. *Nico*?›
‹I agree, Natsu. That's why I've been practicing.›
‹Yay!›
"We have been monitoring the situation, preparing to support and maximize the impact of their efforts."
"What about my dad? Have you heard anything about Dad?"
‹Stay close, everyone! I've teleported before...›
"I'm afraid there has been no news from inside or around the City. We've lost contact with anyone who gets close.
‹...but never as far as *the City*!›
"I'm sorry. But I'm sure they're all *okay*."
"This is all you sent? Is this all you could *muster*?"

Not much, are you? I expected *more*, somehow!
Already I am beyond your comprehension! All of this is so, *so* small.
I knew all that swinging around skyscrapers would come back to haunt me! I've had nightmares like this!
FOOM
You came here to fight? But how do you fight *everything?* The ground beneath your feet. The air in your lungs.
Tony!
Repulsor-Field Auto-Engaged.
I am all around you! I am *inside* of you!
We understand. All of this is an extension of the *Maker.*

Which makes this quite *satisfying.*
I could help, you know. If you just asked.
I'm asking! This is me asking!
Was that so hard?
ZWUM
How are you hurting them?!
Ruh ruah ruah!
Really?

"Okay, I'll try that!"
THOOM!
What did you do?!
Just what Deathlok told me. Attacked with a specific frequency of cosmic energy they were vulnerable to.
You understood her? How?
I don't know. I just listened.
Ruah! Ruah! Ruah!!!
So did I. I hear everything, even your thoughts. Right now, you're thinking, "This is hopeless."
And you're absolutely right.

What was the composition of that cosmic energy, America?!
Ruah rawrr rwarr!
It doesn't matter. The Maker adapts instantly and cannot be defeated the same way twice.
Tony! Wake up!
Look, what happened back there with your dad...he left you no choice. It wasn't your fault, Tony. Speaking as a father, I'm telling you--it was his.
But I have a family too. And I haven't been a great husband or father lately. I have to get back to them. I have to make it up to them. So snap out of it.
Snap out of it!
Too late! Time's--
--up?
Is this you?
Tony...?
Is this you?
Now that...
...is a complicated question.

‹We've been searching for hours, Mei. We need to rest.›
‹How can we rest when Hi-chan is here, maybe hurt?›
‹I haven't found a trace of her.›
‹We don't know if she's here or not. We're *investigating*, remember?›
‹I hear something!›
‹HI-CHAN!!!›
‹I knew it!!! I knew you--›
‹What...?›
‹You're not--›
‹Hang on, I have a spell that'll help us...›

+Sniff sniff+
Mutants! Free in the world! My, how things have changed!
No matter! Your genetic material will be a useful addition!
<Universal translation activate!>
Guys... fight!!!
Are these things people?!
Does it matter, Kanon?
Weather manipulation, regeneration, energy blasts, telepathy... one whiff is all I need to know everything you're capable of.
And to develop counter mechanisms.
Ugh!
Mei!
Don't be afraid. Be honored. You are about to become part of something so much bigger than yourself.
We... already... are!

ZZ RRRUNK
Whoa!!!
ZZ RRRUNK
ZZRRRUNK
ZZRRRUNK
Erik K-Killmonger?
Ohmy godI'msucha bigfanisStormhere canyouintroduceme haveyouseenour friendcanyou helpus?

What's going on?! Why is everything frozen?
Call it a temporal tourniquet. I tied off the flow of time around us. To talk.
"But don't get comfortable, Ultimates.
CRACK
Null-Chrono field detected. Threat level 9382-B.
SPLORCH
"The Maker will find some way to slip through or around it. To evolve past it.
Deploying countermeasures.
"He always does."
Ahhhh! Incarnation!!!
First Howard, now him. All my enemies delivered to me.
Good boy, Doom. Hold him here.
Who are you?

You really don't know? Perhaps I removed too much brain matter...
All of this is just how I *remember* it. Every detail.
You don't have much time left, and there's still a lot to do.
Here. Let me *clear the air.*
SNAP
WHOOSH
WHOOSH
WHOOSH
I am the *last king of everything.* The Ultimate victor!
A few million years from now, they will give me the title of ***Kang,*** and it will stick.
It is one of the universe's ***first*** words, from the first spoken language. Roughly translated, it means "***all-conqueror.***"
But please, my friends...

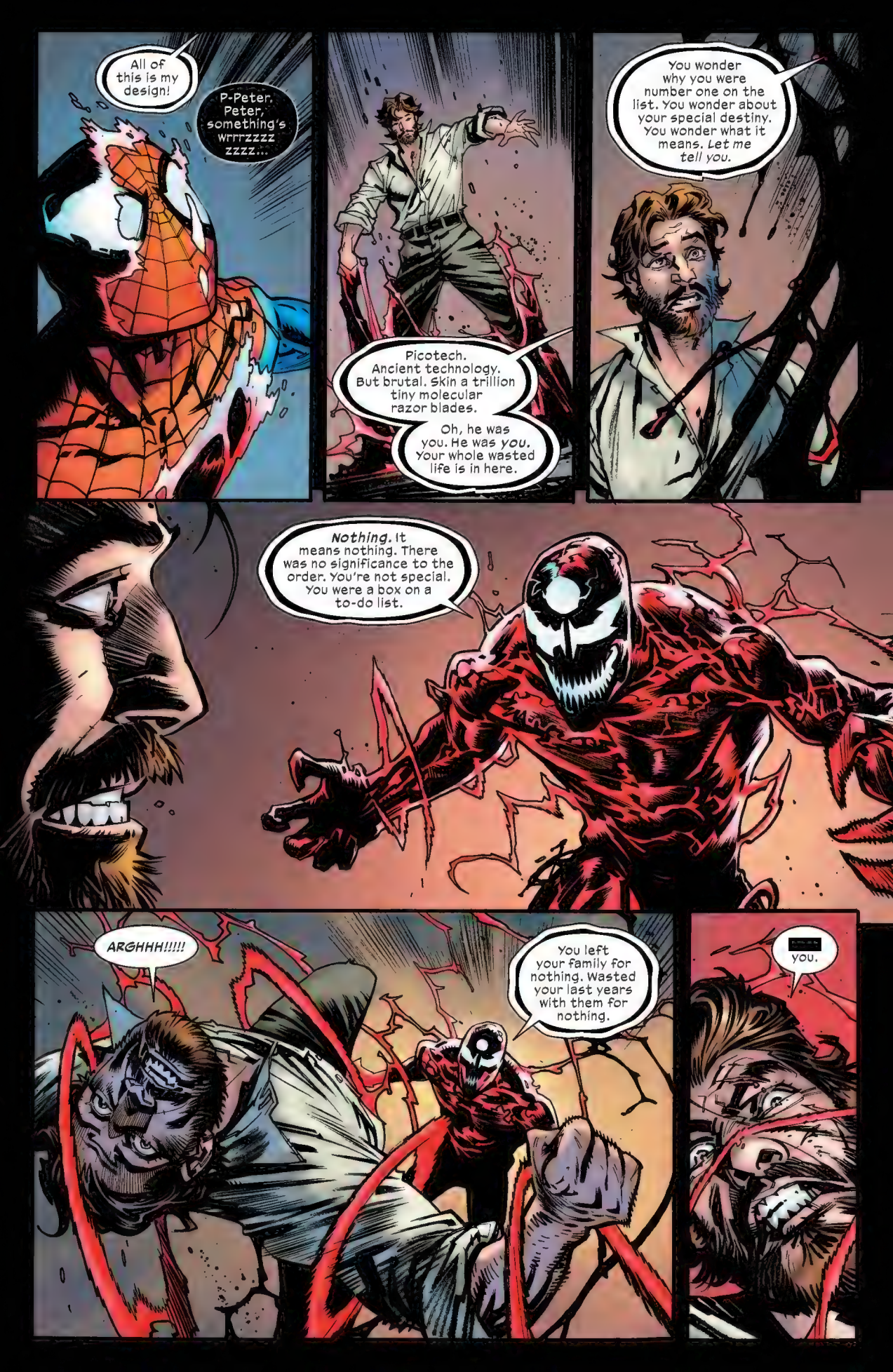
...just call me Tony.
It can't be... Tony...?
Everybody's got an evil double but me. Unless...?
Hey!
We've had this conversation an infinite number of times, but the look on your face never gets old, Doom.
Whatever this is, don't listen! That's not Tony! Tony's right here!
Tony! Tony, come back to us!
He's in some kind of fugue state--
He will be fine. He just needs time to process. Trust me.
With two Immortus Engines, I could really start thinking big. There would be no limit to my expansion!
Keep him talking, Doom. I'm on my way.
Why would we trust you?
Because you trust him.
And I'm just him with a few billion years under his belt.

Billions of years? You look exactly the same.
I am eternally trapped in the moment just before my first death. I'll never grow old.
Like Peter Pan.
Like a *god*.
Have you come back to help us kill the Maker?
No. I would like nothing more, but, no...that isn't how it happens.
What do you mean by that? Isn't how *what* happens?
"Temporal tourniquet." Forever the son!
The father tried this on *four* occasions.
"All of it. Everything. The whole futile struggle.
Four to invent *anti-tachyon geometry.*
"Our great and total failure.
Four to find a superfluid form fine enough to slip between *seconds.*
"Your tragic, gruesome deaths."
Hold on--gruesome whatnow?!
Now, while he's distracted! Disable him--but don't damage the engine!
All of this is history. Everything is happening just as it's supp--

SHOOT!
SHOOM SHOOM
UGHHH!
ZRK
Doom! What did you do?!
You incompetent imbecile! You hit the engine!
"You've failed again!!!
"Ah well. One time machine will have to do."
Time's moving normally again! We'll be dead in minutes! What were you thinking, Doom?!
Our objective is to kill the Maker! Whoever that was--Kang or Tony--refused to help. Either he was an agent of the Maker sent to sow confusion or he was a distraction.
In either case, he is a danger to our purpose.
How does us being dead help with that?!
...Just as it's supposed

Do you hear that?
I see it. Look!
My god. Are the buildings... bending around it?
No, reality is bending around it. Try to remain calm.
You just shot the only edge we had here!
I don't think so. Whatever else he was, I think Kang was right about Tony. He hasn't been in a coma...
...he's been calculating.
And I believe he's nearing a solution.
Give me the boy's heart and your fate will be terrible but finite. Oppose me and your suffering will be unending.

KHOOM
HRR!
RHHHHH!!!
SPLAT!
PLIP!
Sorry to scare you, everyone. I'm okay.
Temporal mechanics was never my strong suit, but I think I'm getting the *hang* of it.
I *made* you! I made all of you!!!


All of this is my design!
P-Peter. Peter, something's wrrrzzzz zzzz...
You wonder why you were number one on the list. You wonder about your special destiny. You wonder what it means. Let me tell you.
Picotech. Ancient technology. But brutal. Skin a trillion tiny molecular razor blades.
Oh, he was you. He was you. Your whole wasted life is in here.
Nothing. It means nothing. There was no significance to the order. You're not special. You were a box on a to-do list.
ARGHHH!!!!!
You left your family for nothing. Wasted your last years with them for nothing.
[redacted] you.

SCREEARRGH!
SHHHUNKK
You died for nothing.
Spider-Man!
You killed Spider-Man!
It was always leading to this, Parker. I think, deep down you knew that.
Oh, the carnage! Isn't it beautiful?

Mom? Are you okay?
Of course. I was just getting some air. Why?
Because it's 4 A.M. And I heard you crying. Why were you crying?
I'm...actually not sure. I didn't know that I *was*. I guess I was just lost in the stars.
But Mom, we're *underground*...
...there aren't any stars down here.
TO BE CONTINUED...

If you're reading this, then I'm dead. Which makes you a *widow*, which is convenient if you want to run with the whole spider-themed super hero thing.

Sorry. Hiding behind humor has always been my thing, as you're too well aware. What is it Richard says? "The worse the situation, the worse the jokes." I should probably see a therapist about it, but…well, I guess ***that*** ship has sailed.

It feels like there's so much left unsaid between us, MJ. Even more left undone. More than could ever fit into a thousand letters, more than all the words in all the languages. I wish we'd had more time. I thought there'd be more time. It's not fair. None of this is fair. Which I guess was the whole point of everything.

I'm screwing this up already. I'm no writer--I'm a photographer. I speak in images, not words. I look back on our life and I see a series of still shots, each one perfectly, imperfectly composed.

That's what I'm thinking about now. Richard, two years old, terrified, screaming in the arms of a false mall Santa. May, about one, dancing awkwardly to a terrible pop song I can't remember, her face a study of concentration. The first time May met a dog, the dog licking her fingers as she squeals with delight. Richard, just born, drinking at your breast; the inexplicable light that came from you both.

And I'm thinking about all the photos I'll never get to take but would have loved to. Richard's wedding. Moving May into her dorm for her first day of college. A series of photos watching you grow older and more beautiful, each line on your face a story. Christmas with the grandkids, and we are so many we struggle to squeeze into frame.

Maybe it was all a mistake. Maybe I should have squashed that spider with my shoe and thrown that damn box in the trash and quit my job and lived out the last two years in some tropical paradise with you and the kids. Maybe it was stupid to think I could make a difference. Or just selfish. *Two years.* Some destiny. All in all, a pretty underwhelming career for your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.

I've written letters for the kids. They're not much, but I hope you'll give them to them. I want them to remember me. But I want them to move on, too. All of you.

I never wanted them to lose a parent. I'm sensitive to it, for obvious reasons. But if it had to be one of us, I'm glad it's me. You were always the strong one. I couldn't go on without you. But you can. You will. For Richard and May, you will.

You have your whole lives ahead of you. And I want you to know that whatever you become, it's okay. I'll be proud of you. So long as you love the kids and love yourself, I'll be proud of you. Do not let me--*or the memory of me*--hold you back. I release you.

I hit the jackpot, MJ. I didn't need you to tell me. I knew from the moment I laid eyes on you. And every year, the prize just got *bigger and bigger.* Waking up was winning the lottery. Every day.

"You and me against the world." Always.

Love you forever,
Peter

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